

August 10, 2011

CREATIVE WRITING 101

I'm currently reading--among many other things--a book sent to me as a gift from a family member: "Your First Novel: a published author and a top agent share the keys to achieving your dream" by Ann Rittenberg and Laura Whitcomb with a forward by Dinnis Lehane; and the book is good.

One of the first exercises given is to "copy down the first line [of a published novel], and continue to write your own version of what comes next. Go for five minutes.", and of course, I did this. And I was surprised at my output. The line I chose to use is from James L. Nelson's "The Blackbirder":



The church was all heat and white sunlight, dust and the smell of dry grass and manure pushing in through flung-open doors. Shutting those doors, would be suicide with such Southern humidity; the preacher would be in soon and everything had to be ready. If it wasn't, the smell would be the least of Howard Leg's problems.

Chaplain Morris was not a man.

That was the first open secret to get used to.

And there were many, many, more.

Chaplain Morris was a Nocturl Alenara that just happened to pull off a good Vessel spell, allowing him to now walk among the very humans he fed upon.

Howard watched across the street for a moment as a sultry dressed woman jiggled and bounced her way along West Whitner: hooker headquarters apparently somewhere close. Baptist 2nd, Chaplain Morris changed it from Baptist 1st, had no influence whatsoever as far as morals were concerned. In fact, Chaplain Morris encouraged women to sell it if they had it. He himself, obviously, their biggest customer.

That would be if he paid.

Instead, he required them as a service to God.

No one seemed to have a clue, about this demon that lurked mischievously among their pews; but it was all okay, since most of them lurked mischievously among the town.



Maybe I'll work this into one of my paranormal books....

Of course, I'll have to reword that first quoted line.

Although, it would be interesting to have the story go along with the "smell of dry grass and manure" when, in fact, the church has no grass or manure--it's simply the smell of the town.